

THE

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PHILANTHROPIST,

OR

Sketches of City Life.

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

“Naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

“Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”—MATTHEW XXV. 26, 40.

JAMES REES, EDITOR.

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THE PHILANTHROPIST.



OR
SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE

THE
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JANUARY, 1855.

Moral Essays.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY—ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES.

[Concluded.]

NOTE.—In our last, we stated that there were two articles commenced in the first volume which were not completed. One was, The History of the Bible, the other, Juvenile Depravity. The following is the conclusion of the latter article. Subject—

THE THEATRE.

The theatre can never be made a temple of morality, from the fact that vice, not virtue, throws around it an air of romance, in which all the allurements of art, the ingenious and poetic beauties of the poet, music and painting, are held out as inducements which, instead of elevating and ennobling the mind and thoughts of men, scatter around them all that is bad, all that is evil.

It is well known that the manager pays no regard to the moral character or qualifications of the applicant for a situation in his company. The question is seldom asked, In what school was he taught? how prepared and tutored for the stage? He is engaged at a low price, or taken on trial; and if he makes what is called "A hit," he is at once engaged. If his qualifications are of an inferior grade, and he comes out from that class who make up the shilling pit, he is put in some minor part, wherein he struggles with fate. Having no genius, no education, he becomes a hanger on, degenerates into vice, that ever-ready attendant on disappointed ambition and idleness, and finds too soon that the attractions of the stage are false and deceitful.

Another crying evil is the selling of liquor within the walls of a theatre. If dramatic representations are intended to convey good

lessons—and every play and drama purposes to have a moral—what affinity is there between this object and the selling of liquor, tobacco, and segars? What have they to do with the drama, with poetry, with painting, and music? We do not know, in the whole range of our historic reading, or in the history of literature, art and science, anything, that can justify the drama's temple being made a *grog-shop*.

It is here the youth learns one fact, that there are other inducements than those of scenic representations within the walls of a theatre. It is here he meets that class of females whose ideas of virtue have long since ceased to govern modesty. It is here he finds congenial spirits; and while the finest production of a Shakspeare is being represented on the stage, even at a time when the reflecting portion of the audience are listening to the corrupting conceptions of a master mind, that youth is having woven for him the fatal rope that makes his end a criminal one. He disregards the lessons on the stage, listens to the siren voice of the tempter, and his future fate is sealed. Fatal are the lessons of the wicked. There is one passage in the Bible to which we particularly call the attention of our youthful readers. It is one of which we had, many years ago, a fearful portraiture. The incidents—nay, even to the “corner house,” absence of the “good man”—all were fulfilled; and Richard Smith, the victim of Ann Carson, paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows. (See Prov. vii., commencing at the 6th verse.)

The theatre is the modern corner house. Beware of its baneful influence; spurn its sirens and its grogeries as you would a pestilence.

Juvenile depravity is a fearful word, and we are compelled to connect some of its causes with the theatre.

Though the theatre is the first great cause of putting forth dramas calculated to corrupt youth, many pieces, which have been popular, were taken from published works, and, when announced, a greater display was made of their character from the work itself than from the drama. The boy who is permitted to visit the theatre, where he may witness the representation of “Jakey in Philadelphia,” and “Jack Sheppard,” could lay to a parent's charge all the evil consequences arising from such a license.

Our readers will remember the murder of a gentleman in England by his servant, shortly after the production of “Jack Sheppard” in London, and who confessed on the scaffold that he was urged on to commit the deed from witnessing that infamous drama.

Every one knows the baneful influence of the “Jakey” piece alluded to. Our city was made of the material contained in that low, vulgar production; and its slang was heard repeated everywhere. That boy who gloats over the vilest scenes in “Jack Sheppard,” or “Jakey in Philadelphia,” and imitates closely the actions of either, would find more attractions than even from Shakspeare's plays. His mind becomes imbued with the grossness abounding in such pieces. He forms associations with similar characters; and having no conception, no idea of what constitutes the moral of a correct dramatic representation, he only visits the theatre when pieces suited to his notions are represented. Managers cater for the depraved taste of such, and as long as they can make money out of bad pieces, drinking saloons, &c., they care very little for the character and the dignity of the

drama. A boy, whose mind bears no impress of a parent's lesson, his education neglected, his home a brothel, what can be expected but that the allurements of vice will lead him away. He has no one to awaken his mind to the bright and beautiful, the moral and religious. He is left to work out his own fearful hereafter; and in mind, as well as in vice, he becomes his own finisher. When vice assumes an intellectual shape, it is more likely to prove fatal. Allied to ignorance, it is not even contagious; but when you lessen the character of virtue, reduce the moral standard by the process of mental ratiocination, you corrupt the whole universe, and poison the crystal stream of wholesome purity.

If we can show vice made public by any exhibition, becoming apparent either by improper publications or immoral dramas; if we trace its source, and lead the public mind directly to the door of proof, our duty to society is performed.

We have called the attention of the proper authorities to gambling houses—their close proximity to the halls of justice; also to low grogeries, policy offices, street beggars, petty thieves, lewd publications, and the inefficiency of our police. What we mean by inefficient police is, their want of moral or physical courage, their neglect in the performance of duty; silence on occasions when they should speak, and keeping secrets, a knowledge of which, made public, would benefit the community. To all this, however, little or no attention has been paid; and the time has now arrived for the people to take the matter in hand, and, by boldly opposing, suppress the startling increase of juvenile depravity in our midst. The attention of parents is called to this portion of our essay; and the utmost care and caution should be observed in allowing their children to visit public places and exhibitions, without first making themselves acquainted with their nature, character, and tendency. If in this essay the author has been the means of saving one youthful delinquent from the gulf which yawns before him on the pathway of vice, he will be fully repaid for all his time and labour.

Written for the Philanthropist.

THE TWO NATURES.

BY AGNES P. REES.

Man, in all classes and conditions of life, whether situated far from the light of gospel truth, or dwelling immediately under its noon-tide effulgence, possesses two natures. One is continually leading him towards the downward path—continually prompting to the commission of sin, at the same time whispering, "Thou shalt not surely die." The other, his better nature, is striving to guide his wayward footsteps in the straight and narrow road which leadeth unto life, and is telling him to cast behind him the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light. It bids him turn from the voice of the charmer, sin, and fly to Him, under whose wings he shall ever rest free from the snare of the fowler, and the glance of the serpent.

These two natures, as may be supposed, are continually at war. Having nothing in common, each one is anxious to overthrow the dominion of the other, and obtain unlimited possession of the soul. The allies of the better nature are, joy, peace, love—heaven: those of the

evil nature are, sin, suffering, death—hell. The reward of the former is, a palm branch of victory, a harp of praise, and life eternal, without care or sorrow, pain or death: the recompense of the latter is, death—spiritual, everlasting—sorrow, pain, wo, and unending, increasing suffering throughout all eternity.

The workings of these two natures are often strikingly seen in the works and actions of men as authors, &c.

Take, for instance, the poets Byron and Moore. In these men the evil nature triumphed; great talents were wasted: they gave to the world writings which the pure and virtuous-minded would shrink from reading. They clothed sin with a gold and rose-coloured mantle, and were not content with treading the broad road themselves, but led others away with them.

But even here the better nature struggled hard for mastery. In Moore's beautiful sacred melodies, especially one entitled "Secret Devotion," we see plainly the ardent aspirings of a sinful heart for life, light, and truth. And Byron plainly tells us in his *Apostrophe to the Ocean* his wish to flee from himself—from all he may be, and has been before. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely. The soul would soar aloft, free and unfettered, and seek its God, to worship and to love; but sin, that curse which hangs like a dark pall over the world, shuts it down, clogs its wings, and sends it depressed and mourning into the service of Satan.

But is the evil nature always triumphant? Does sin always retain its victim? O, no! there is a way, a truth, and a life; and whosoever goeth to Him, will in nowise be cast out. Then flee to Him ere it be too late: pray that the better nature may triumph—the evil nature be overcome. Put upon you the whole armour of light, and enlist beneath the banners of the armies of the living God. Fight hopefully—fight trustingly in the support of the Great Captain of the host, who has said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Prison Scenes.

FROM MR. WILLIAM J. MULLEN'S JOURNAL.

The object of this department of the *Philanthropist* will be, to show how many trivial cases become actual prison ones, arising from the want of a proper magisterial system. We have already spoken of that iniquitous law which sends witnesses to prison, where, in many instances, as shown by us, they have remained for months, nay, years. It seems that it will require a legislative act to remedy it. In the meantime our prisons teem with the innocent, who, until the guilty are convicted, undergo an imprisonment equally close and confining as a convicted felon.

In the old feudal time, or in a state of barbarism, such an unenlightened view of the fundamental principles of law and justice would have been excusable; but, in the nineteenth century, it is an insult to the giant minds who, it is said, established in our midst a Christian, moral, as well as equitable code of laws. If they have, the defects are so many that a revisal is absolutely called for. In Mr. Mullen's monthly reports, the number of persons liberated by him will be

given. Occasionally we purpose to publish some of the cases possessing sufficient interest to come under our head of Prison Scenes.

One case is that of a young man committed by one of the city aldermen for a breach of the peace. Mr. Mullen had him discharged, as the charge was a very simple one. The young man was a clerk in a dry-goods store, and would probably have lost his situation if he had not been liberated immediately. The alderman was so intoxicated at the time that he was incapable of attending to his duties.

Another magistrate refused to sign a discharge for a prisoner, giving as a reason that "the Prison Inspectors did not show any disposition to accommodate him, by having the discharge sent from his office to the prison;" in consequence of which, "he would return all cases to court, and not recommend the settlement of any more." If this conduct on the part of a magistrate is permitted, we shall have our prisons filled with men, women, and children, whose offences are of so trifling a character that the grand jury would make the matter the subject of an especial presentment. We will not give the name of the alderman in this case, nor the case itself, hoping that he will recognise it, and retract what we imagine was only a hasty resolution.

Opposed as we are to the selling of liquor, we are equally opposed to partiality in enforcing the law of license. Aware as we are that notorious grogeries, the rendezvous in many instances of the police, pay no license, and are suffered to transgress all law and order, the following will sound harsh and unjust.

William Toolles was committed August 26, 1854, by Alderman Shoemaker for selling liquor without a license. Security was obtained for him to take the benefit of the insolvent law, the proper bonds being filed, &c. He was discharged through the instrumentality of Mr. Mullen, who appealed to judges Thompson and Allison in his behalf. Toolles is an old man, who sold cakes and candies. He also kept a bottle of liquor, from which he sold occasionally, not knowing it was against the law. Discharged December 23d.

Here is a man convicted for selling liquor out of one bottle, all his stock in trade, while others are permitted to go free who have a thousand bottles, and a dozen barkeepers.

Mr. Mullen visited the family of a convict, at the request of Mr. Farquhar, and found them to be industrious people. They were destitute of fuel. Bought them a ton of coal: the money was the prisoner's, being for over-work done by him.

Had a woman discharged for keeping a disorderly house. She promised to break it up, and did so.

Dec. 15.—Had a bill ignored before the grand jury—the case of a poor woman being charged with stealing a shovel.

Dec. 17.—A similar result in the case of John Martin, who had been in prison since September 17th.

In November, a man by the name of Moses Nolen was committed by Alderman Moore for assault and battery. He has a wife and two children depending on him for support. It was the first time he ever was in prison. His wife ealled upon me in a state of absolute want, bordering on starvation. I procured her bread and other eatables. She was the prosecutor in the case, he having, in a state of intoxication, struck her. He promised me that he would reform, and refrain at once from drink. The alderman gave me his discharge free of costs.

December —. Obtained a discharge for Thomas Jones, who was committed by Alderman Dommelton for a breach of the peace. Proeured him a situation as a boatman. First time he ever was in prison.

Same day obtained a discharge for Jane Crawford, who was committed for being disorderly. Jane once lived in my family. Promises to do better.

Same day discharged several others, and proeured them homes.

In Mr. Mullen's Journal, with notes and comments, we find a ease which fully carries out our introductory to these scenes. It is that of a man who was kept in prison for a term of five months—once, we believe, much longer—for a simple case of assault and battery. He was tried, fined ONE CENT, and held to bail by the judge in the sum of one thousand dollars for good behaviour, and to keep the peace.

In connexion with this ease, there is one of a person who was tried for the larceny of a knife, worth ten cents, and was acquitted; yet he was held to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars to keep the peace! When liberated through the kindness, not justice, of a judge, they were both quite sick—one in particular was so unwell that the prison physician stated that "he could do nothing for him."

Mr. Mullen supplied one with a home and employment. The sickly one he furnished with money, put him in a conveyance, and sent him to a relative who gave him a home.

The men were imprisoned seven months in all—two months previous to trial, and five before their discharge was obtained after their trial and binding over.

These things will scarcely be credited, but they are truths.

Having alluded to the imprisonment of witnesses, we give a ease which, for its injustice, has scarcely a parallel.

A Mrs. H. was committed to prison because she could not give security (one hundred dollars) to appear as a witness against her husband, who was charged with bigamy. The poor woman, through grief and mental suffering, had a succession of fits, and was an object of pity and commiseration. The innocent victim to a tyrannical law was kept in prison, while the guilty party, having given bail, was enjoying liberty. The whole proceeding was one of a gross outrage, inasmuch as she, being his first wife, the law could not compel her, under any circumstances, to testify against her husband.

Allusion has been made to several eases wherein landlords have adopted a strange, but an effectual, plan to get rid of their tenants.

It is, to get some one to swear that they were disorderly, or did things which were calculated to bring disgrace on the establishment. A poor German woman had taken lodgings in a boarding-house, the landlord of which was anxious to get her out. He succeeded in procuring a man to swear that he peeped through a crack in the wall—he being in an adjoining house—and saw the woman in company with a man. She was arrested, and committed to prison. The man swore, that what he saw in that room occurred on such a day and date. Now the fact is, as it was proved afterwards, the poor woman was not in the man's house, nor in the city, at the time specified.

If landlords are permitted to commit perjury, and find fitting tools to sustain them, and magistrates ever ready to do their bidding, how, we ask, are the ends of justice to be reached? As things now exist, the innocent are punished, and the guilty permitted to go free. Our records show it daily.

Editorial.

TO THE READER.

In commencing the second volume of the "Philanthropist," we deem it necessary to say a few words in relation to the first. It has afforded the Editor much pleasure to hear that his efforts have met the approval of his friends, as well as the approbation of those who are the friends of the poor and oppressed. It is no egotism, on his part, to state that, since the publication of the *Philanthropist*, it has effected a vast amount of good, not from any great ability, on the part of the Editor, but in the exposition of wrong, oppression and the abuse of power invested in our magistracy. It aided a revolution, under the old *regime* of the county prison—the re-organization of rules, laws and regulations—the breaking up of certain abuses in the permitting the vicious criminal to live within the walls of a prison, in a style of splendour corresponding with their mode of life beyond its walls. Punishment should follow conviction, and no distinction should be made between the rich rogue and the poor one.

It established a new office, in which our co-labourer, Mr. WILLIAM J. MULLEN, is now actively engaged, and his whole time devoted to its onerous duties, and for which he has been complimented by his Excellency, Governor Bigler—the Judges of the bench—the bar—the pulpit—the press, and by the several grand juries of our respective courts. Some good, therefore, has been done in the short space of twelve months, and having, as it were, planted in a good soil the seeds of benevolence, the fruit of which will be reached and appreciated hereafter.

It is to be regretted, and it has been a source of grief to the Editor, to find a want of sympathy, in a part of the clergy, in the great cause of ameliorating the condition of prisoners, and that of the suffering poor. We shall have occasion to allude, in strong terms, to a portion of this class.

In our Address to the reader, in the first volume of the *Philanthropist*, we thus alluded to the Ministry, and we republish it here, from the fact, that the more liberal portion of it have expressed their

approbation of our sentiments upon the subject, and acknowledged its truth:

"Another striking and painful feature is, the inefficiency of our clergy, in the exercise of their power and influence. And although splendid edifices, dedicated to the cause of Christianity, surround us, there seems to exist, around and about them, an air of worldly grandeur, which lessens that love and veneration, the generality of mankind should have, for the temples of the Lord. To this fact may be traced that inefficiency. Splendour is identified with wealth, hence churches of this character are for that class, and thus the broad line of distinction is drawn between rich and poor, saint and sinner. We must call the attention of our philanthropists to this fact, and while doing so, bid them view the evils, for they are sensible to sight and touch, as they spring up around us. Virtue and vice are fearfully and antagonistically arrayed against each other. Indeed, such has been the history of good and evil, from the foundation of the world, such the history of the cities of the Plain, such the history of PHILADELPHIA.

"There must be some cause for this apparent inconsistency of things—man, as he advances in knowledge, as his intellect expands and nears itself to Deity, seems to lose his moral tone and character. In the days of actual ignorance, ere the mind received the impress of religion, the wicked were controlled and kept in subjection by physical power. How is it now, when a high state of intellect exists, our laws, strengthened by ages of experience, and the united action of mind, body and numerical force, are all brought into action, that crime is in the ascendant, and still on the increase? Where lies the evil? Where exists the remedy? Lord Bacon's theory, that 'Knowledge is Power,' resolves itself into this: 'Knowledge is in part power only;' requiring something more to invest it with an attribute of God—and that is RELIGION. That religion must be pure, real, holy; it must not be hid away in marble palaces and gorgeous temples, nor wrapt up in rich silks and satins. It must be the religion of the heart—the soul."

Another powerful fact presents itself, and that is, the increase of knowledge seems but the precursor to that of crime.

"From our very laws, which have become models of human inventions, proceed many of the abuses, and are the cause of numerous crimes. The history of English laws would be a history of bloodshed, from the old feudal time to the advent of a Blackstone, and down to the present code of their existing statutes. Conflicting opinions, marked and multiplied crimes would characterize its pages. Human passions, instead of being subdued by their operations, have been inflamed; the establishing a court of chancery laid the foundation of a series of swindling, which, taking rise in high places, extended down, in principle, to the lower courts, and thus, instead of the English laws being the equitable source of justice, they are the corrupt agents of infamy and fraud.

"A proper administration of all just laws, carries with it the assurance of protection from wrong and oppression, and is alike the terror to an evil doer. An improper dispensation of the same laws opens the door through which all the evils from corruption flow."

We make no promises to our readers—we do not pretend to be

the Censor of men, manners or customs, but we will publish facts, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Prison scenes will be given, without the ornament of poetic prose. The acts of magistrates will be weighed in their own balance, and, if found wanting, the deficiency shall be exposed. Improper rule, improper rulers, and a want of moral character, on the part of officers employed, will, on all occasions of neglect and abuse, be attended to in our paper.

The heads of our public institutions, who set the example of negligence and inattention to their duties, to the detriment of public morals, and the interest of those they represent, will be held up in our columns, and their careless disregard of the poor, dependent on them, severely commented upon. If good is to be done, the only mode that presents itself is, to set an example to those who look up to us for advice and instruction. If we break faith with the poor, the sinful and the wicked, is it to be expected that they will endeavour to better their physical and moral condition, by basing their hopes on the truth and holiness of religion? They will reason as the rich reason—they will act as the rich act, and thus decadenzing in the scale of life, they sink down deeper in poverty and crime, by the mere process of mental ratiocination.

“ Acts of benevolence and love
Give us a taste of heaven above;
We *imitate* the immortal powers,
Whose sunshine and whose kindly showers
Refresh the poor and barren ground,
And plant a paradise around.”

THE EDITOR'S WALK.—NO. I.

Street Beggars.

Under this designation are comprised the professional and occasional beggar; thieves pursuing beggary, as a disguise for the practice of their craft, and those who carry small wares, as an excuse for alms. The professional beggars may be classified, as there are those who profess to be unable to get work, and others who will not work. The first of these are children and adults, but the former are reserved for separate notices. The latter are of both sexes, and all of foreign birth: Swiss, Germans, a scattering of Irish and Englishmen. These are either swindlers, professional beggars, or idlers. We have been informed by the Consuls of these nations, more particularly those of the Swiss cantons and Germany, that small farmers in those places not unfrequently hire out their farms, and emigrate to this country, put on the dress of beggars, and actually make quarterly remittances home. The money is brought to the Consul in the manner received, composed of pennies and silver, with which he procures a draft, and the money forwarded to their agents, or families at home. Including the former of this class are the organ-grinders. Many of these men are small farmers, and are actually on a tour of pleasure: their wretched attempt of imparting music to the American people, is not unfrequently rewarded by those who have no idea of what constitutes true harmony or melody, and thus they pay accordingly, and these wandering minstrels are the only ones benefited. We are

informed that one individual is the owner of nearly all the organs that are used throughout our city, and he hires them out to parties: this gives him a very handsome income. His losses are few, as they act on the principle—"Honour among thieves."

Among all classes and nations of beggars, (to the credit of our nation be it said,) there are but few Americans. There are, however, occasional instances, when, from sickness or the difficulty of procuring work, they have been compelled to adopt this system, as the means of procuring bread. *We have actually never met with a professed American beggar!* Foreign beggars are decidedly clanish, and seldom mix together; and, what is most remarkable, nearly all the professional beggars are very temperate. The Italians strictly so. The Germans were abstemious, until the introduction of Lager beer, which, we regret to say, has demoralized even a higher state of society than that which is known as the beggar class. A successful beggar is the one whose countenance bears the impress of sobriety—he tells his sad (made up) story with a broken voice, and a tearful eye—his acting is so natural—his grief so poignant, that the spectator falls into the snare, and is of course robbed on the instant.

The street is their home, for there lies all the chief attractions and incentives of action. Beggary and plunder are to them what labour and rest are to the honest man, and yet they have homes, or rather hovels, into which they creep like dogs—eat, drink and sleep in imitation of that far more useful animal.

There are drunken beggars, poor, bloated wretches, with features that are as finger-posts to ruin and death, whose places of rest are in old sheds, barns and stables. The Irish, in respect to sleeping, are not quite so clanish as are the beggars of other nations. They scatter themselves over the city—some in Water street, some in Front, more particularly between Vine and Willow streets; others in Quarry street and Bread street. In a house in this latter named street, some four months ago, there lived a number of Germans, in the most filthy and wretched condition; they were then a perfect nuisance! Around the alleys in New Market street, below Willow, are also some of this wretched, dirty class. In Water street, above Spruce; in Race, above Front; in Coombs' alley; in New Market, below Willow, are also many of these foreign paupers and professional beggars. The greater portion, however, of all these wretched classes live in the lower section of our city. We have not as yet explored the northern part of the city, but we have no doubt they abound there.

In Shippen and South streets, from Fifth to Eighth; in Bedford, Spafford, Baker streets, and the innumerable alleys, running in parallel lines, dwell hundreds of these wretched creatures. In Donnelly's court, running out of Marriott's street, above Eighth; in Carpenter street, from Seventh to Ninth, along to Southwark canal, by Fifth and Sixth streets; in Black Horse alley; in White's court, near Thirteenth; in Bedford; in Shirkey's alley, above Fifth; in German and Plumb streets, there are to be found numerous bands of professed beggars, a greater portion of whom, in these last named streets, are Italians and Germans. Here we have an illustration of the under-current, which rolls along through the depths of our city, from whose noxious element arise crime and immorality—vice and

villany, which have, and still are poisoning its once pure atmosphere. Is it not time, we ask, that some effectual stop was put to the immense influx of these offals from other lands into our midst? From the foul atmosphere of St. Giles, London; from the vagabond cantons of Switzerland; from the lowest phase of German life; from the purlieus of the cities of Ireland, and the priest-ridden land of Italy, has the impure stream of debased morality been turned upon our land.

The subject of street begging, and the incidents connected with it, will be continued in our next: in the mean time we publish the following, as it is connected with that portion of our article alluding to foreign paupers:—

“Guardians of the Poor.”—A stated meeting of this body was held on Monday (Christmas) afternoon:—The house agent reported the population of the Alms house, on Saturday last, to be 2,440, an increase of 471 over the same time last year, when there were 1,969 inmates. During the past two weeks, 270 were admitted, and there were 7 births, 35 deaths, 111 discharges, 27 elopements and 10 bindings out.

Mr. King presented the following, which were unanimously adopted:—*Whereas*, On Saturday last, application was made to the members of this Board to admit to the Alms-house *one hundred and fifty* paupers, who had that morning arrived in this city from New York, which application said members, acting for this Board, very properly declined; and, *Whereas*, The impositions constantly practised upon Philadelphia, by similar transfers of paupers into this from neighbouring cities, calls for prompt and decisive action, on the part of this Board: therefore, *Resolved*, That the Solicitor be requested to inquire particularly into the circumstances attending the introduction of the one hundred and fifty paupers, referred to, into this city, and should they, in his judgment, warrant it, to institute proceedings against the Company instrumental in bringing them here, for the recovery of the penalty incurred by said Company, under the act of Assembly of 29th of March, 1803.”

In addition to this, read the following:—

The total immigration to the port of New York, from foreign countries, during the current year, up to Wednesday last, was THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE, an increase of sixty-six thousand upon the arrivals of 1853. Will not juvenile depravity increase in proportion to the influx of such a number, composed, as it is, of the worst members of European society? Do we not already feel the baneful effects of such an amalgamation? Read our prison dockets—read of the number of foreigners in our poor-houses, our alms-houses, and our prisons, and then seriously ask the question.

Miscellany.

STORY OF ALICE BENDEN.

OUR READERS will peruse, with much interest, the following:—

“It was late one evening, in the month of October, that a woman, belonging to the rank of the peasantry of the county of Kent, entered the city of Canterbury, in the company of a little boy. Her errand

was a most unusual one, for she came to deliver herself up as a prisoner to the castle of Canterbury; and the circumstance of her coming in charge of that child, was at once a proof of her integrity, and the noble tenderness of her spirit. She was one of the many victims led to the stake and burnt at Canterbury: her crime was her decided refusal to be present at the sacrifice of the mass, in her own parish church, at Staplehurst, which, as you are aware, is a village some miles from this city. She had been before a prisoner for the same offence, having been sent thither, with many mocks and taunts. Here she lay fourteen days, till at the entreaty of her husband, some of the wealthy men, in the neighbourhood of her native village, wrote to the Bishop of Dover, entreating her release. Her modest firmness of purpose, however, had not been shaken by her imprisonment, as her answers to the Bishop, when brought before him, plainly proved. Foxe relates that, 'being summoned before the Bishop, he asked the poor woman, if she would go home and go to the church? Her reply was very simple. 'If I would have so done, I need not have come hither.'—'Then wilt thou go home,' said the Bishop, 'and be shriven of thy parish priest?' Alice Benden answered, 'No, that she would not.' 'Well,' said he, 'go thy way home, and go to the church when thou wilt;' whereunto she answered nothing; but a priest that stood by, said: 'She saith she will, my lord:' wherefore he let her go, and she came forthwith home.' Such is Foxe's short account of her imprisonment.

"The husband of this godly and devoted woman appears to have been a man guided by no principle, and acting only according to the humour and the will of the moment. On her return home, this wretched man, in the waywardness of his unstable character, seems to have commenced his attack upon her about her attendance at the parish church: and doubtless met with a meek but decided refusal from his wife, who made it a point of conscience not to attend. About a fortnight afterward, when going to church, he met a party of his neighbours, to whom he appeared to have spoken, in the most unkind and unguarded manner, of his wife's unaltered decision.

"The report of his words was brought to Sir John Guilford, a magistrate, and again the order was made out for the imprisonment of Alice Benden. As if to prove that he had made no mistake in the accusations he had brought forward against his wife, in his idle discourse, this base and cruel husband came forward, and offered to take charge of poor Alice, and carry her to prison himself, actually receiving the money from the constable, to take the trouble out of his hands. It was then that this God-fearing woman resolved to save her husband from the shame of such an act, and went herself to the constable, and begged him to let his son have the custody of her to prison, promising that she would go there faithfully. Her character for truth must have been known, for her word was taken, and thus, in the charge of a child, went Alice Benden, to prison and to death.

"This poor countrywoman was no common character. From the few facts that have come down to us of her life and death, there seems to have been a lovely harmony of mental and moral qualities about her: a vigour and clearness of intellect, a forethought and self-possession, and a gentleness and sweetness of disposition, which are sometimes found in persons of higher station, but which are

seldom discovered—perhaps only because they are not sought after—among those in a lower rank of life. Many have been bold and courageous, but indiscreet and ungentle; many have been mild and forgiving; but poor Alice Benden presented in her character the union of these graces of the Christian faith in fair and consistent keeping. We are told that, while she was in prison, she practised with another woman, ‘a prison-fellow of hers,’ that they should live, both of them, on two-pence half-penny a day, to try how they might bear the hunger and suffering which they foresaw they should be called to undergo; for it was well known that they would be removed to the Bishop’s prison, where three farthings apiece a day was the sum allowed for the prisoners’ fare; and, on this sum, for fourteen days, was Alice Benden afterward forced to subsist.

“The winter drew on, and Alice lay in the cold cell of a cheerless prison. At the end of January, the hard heart of her husband seems to have relented toward the unoffending woman; and he came to the Bishop of Dover, and begged that Alice might be released. But now he came too late; the merciless Bishop was not to be moved. He pronounced her to be an obstinate heretic, and one that would not be reformed, and he would not consent to her release. Again the spirit of the unstable man turned against his wife, and he laid information against the brother of Alice, complaining, that Roger Hall (for so her brother was named) had found means to hold frequent communication with the poor prisoner; and he told the Bishop that if he could keep her brother from her, she would turn, for, added the cruel husband, ‘He comforteth her, giveth her money, and persuadeth her not to return or relent.’

“The prison of Alice Benden was soon after changed, and she was taken to a wretched dungeon called Monday’s Hole, strict orders being at the same time given, that her brother’s coming should be watched for, and that he also should be taken and committed to prison. This dungeon was in a vault, beneath the ground, and in a place where, in these Protestant days, prisons are not to be found. It was within a court, where the prebend’s chambers were. The window of the dungeon was surrounded by a paling—so high, that the prisoner, in the dungeon beneath, could not possibly see any one beyond the paling, unless he stood by it and looked over it. There, by the good providence of God, in the absence of Alice Benden’s jailer, who was also a bell-ringer, that loving and faithful brother at length discovered the place of her imprisonment. He came at a very early hour, while the man was gone to ring the church bell, and he managed, with some difficulty, to convey money in a loaf of bread, at the end of a pole, to his half-starved sister. But this was the only intercourse he could obtain, and this was after she had already lain five weeks in that miserable dungeon. ‘All that time,’ says Foxe, ‘no creature was known to come to her but her keeper.’ She lay on a little short straw, between a pair of stocks and a stone wall: her fare being one half-penny a day in bread, and a farthing in drink, till she entreated to have the three farthings in bread, and water to drink. And there she lay for nine weeks, without once being enabled to change her raiment, in the depth of winter.

“On her first being brought into that loathsome dungeon, the poor

ill-treated woman gave way to complaint and lamentations, wondering within herself, 'why her Lord God did, with His so heavy justice, suffer her to be sequestered from her loving fellows, into such extreme misery. And in these dolorous mournings did she continue,' adds her biographer, 'till on a night, as she was in her sorrowful supplications, rehearsing this verse of the psalm: 'Why art thou so heavy, O my soul'—and again, 'The right hand of the Most High can change all,' she received comfort in the midst of her miseries, and after that continued very joyful until her delivery from the same.'

"At length, on the 25th of March, it was in the year 1557, Aliee Benden was taken from her dungeon, and brought up before the iniquitous Bishop of Dover. And the question was again put to her, 'Would she now go home, and go to the church or no?' and great favour was promised her if she would but reform. Her answer showed the steadfastness of her purpose: 'I am thoroughly persuaded by the great extremity that you have already showed me, that you are not of God, neither can your doings be godly; and I see that you seek my utter destruction,' and she showed them how lame she was from the cold and the want of food, and the sufferings of her wretched prison; for she was not able to move without great pain. Her whole appearance, indeed, was most piteous, for after they removed her to the Westgate, and her clothes had been changed, and her person kept clean for a time, the whole of her skin peeled and scaled off, as if she had recovered from some mortal poison.

"The day of her death was nigh at hand. And her deportment was then in keeping with the rest of her exemplary conduct. At the latter end of April she was again called for and condemned to die; and from that time committed to the castle prison, where she continued till the 19th day of June. Two circumstancees, attending her last hours, were peculiarly affecting. In undressing herself for the stake, after having given her handkerchief unto one John Banks, probably a faithful Christian friend, who was standing by, to keep in memory of her, she took from her waist a white lace, which she gave to the keeper, entreating him to give it to her brother, Roger Hall, and to tell him that it was the last band that she was bound with, except the chain: and then she took a shilling of Philip and Mary, which her father had bent, 'a bowed shilling,' and sent her when she was first committed to prison, desiring her said brother should, with obedient salutations, render the same to her father again. It was the first piece of money, she said, which he had sent her after her troubles began: and then, in her lovely spirit of piety, she added, that she returned it to him as a token of God's goodness to her in all her sufferings, that he might understand, that she had never lacked money while she was in prison."

EMERSON BENNETT, ESQ.

This talented and well known author has commenced, in the columns of "The American Courier, an original Novelette, entitled,

"ELLEN NORBURY; OR, *The Adventures of an Orphan.*"

We give the following extract from the preface of Mr. Bennett's work, as it pays a deserved compliment to Mr. William J. Mullen:

"I had heard frequent mention of the philanthropic labours of William J. Mullen, among this suffering class of our population, and I thought he might be able to furnish me with such facts as I required. With a letter of introduction from the Hon. Judge Kelly, I therefore called upon Mr. Mullen, and made known to him the object of my visit. He received me with that kind and gentlemanly courtesy which is so characteristic of one who labours for the good of his fellows, and said it would afford him great pleasure to show me around through the haunts of misery, and put me in possession of any number of thrilling and startling facts, which had come under his own observation.

"A day was appointed, and we visited the county prison—of which, by the way, he is now the visiting agent—and though I had no fault to find with the prison itself, nor with the way in which it was managed, yet I soon learned that our statute laws, as construed and abused by here and there an unfeeling, unscrupulous magistrate, are made most terribly oppressive to the poor wretch, who has neither money nor friends. I learned, for the first time, that a man, for being merely *suspected* of crime, might be more severely punished than one actually proved *guilty*. And in this way: The man proved guilty receives his sentence, and, when his term of sentence expires, is set at liberty; while it sometimes happens that the suspected man is required to find bail for future good behaviour; but being poor, and without friends, he cannot give the necessary security, and is forthwith sent to prison; and he may remain there a long, dreary year, unless the Judge or Providence would set him free; and even when his year has expired, it sometimes requires the exertions of a friend to secure his release. I saw one poor fellow there, who had been confined in his cell six months. And for what? *Why, simply, for being too poor to give bail that he never would be a rogue!* Well, Heaven help us! those of us, especially, who have no money nor rich relations.

"There are quite a number of other pleasant things connected with our laws, and those who administer them—though I wish it to be distinctly borne in mind, that, in speaking of the abuse of power, displayed by our magistrates, I refer only to individual cases, and have no design of casting reproach upon them as a body, for many of them are honest, honourable men. One poor wretch having a spite against another, or perhaps to conceal his own guilt, goes before a magistrate, and makes oath that such a person has stolen something, or is about to steal something, or has threatened his life, or something of this kind, it little matters what, and forthwith the victim is arrested, and brought before the judicial functionary, who hears the case, already prejudged, and thinking only of his fees, and nothing of *justice*, takes no pains to ascertain whether the accusation is false or true; but coolly informs the trembling defendant that he must find so much bail for future good behaviour, and pay so much costs, or be sent to prison. If he can pawn the coat on his back to pay the costs, (and this is sometimes done) and get some friend to go his security, he is to be reckoned among the fortunate ones; and is to be envied by hundreds who have no coats to pawn, and who are sent to prison, to remain there till such time as some kind-hearted individual, like Mr. Mullen, takes their case in hand, and, either by getting the

magistrate to release them of costs and bail, or by paying the one and entering the other himself, or by some such hook and crook, frees them from durance vile, to return to their starving families. Persons have been known to suffer a long, dreary, health-wasting imprisonment, to say nothing of its other horrors, simply from being *forgotten*—the committing magistrate having neglected to make a return of the case to court! Some are bound over for trial, and the trial is months in coming on; and then they are found to be *innocent*, and are allowed to go home and find their families *starved*, or starve themselves in disgrace. Witnesses in important cases, when unable to enter bail, are frequently confined in the Debtor's prison, or in an adjoining cell to the accused, till after the trial, which may be months hence, instead of their depositions being taken, and they being allowed to go at large. It is, therefore, a dangerous thing for a poor man to *see* a crime committed and *tell* of it; the gloomy prison is his reward; and doubtless this interesting mode of managing witnesses keeps many crimes concealed. All these things are true of both sexes.

"The foregoing are only a few of the many startling *facts*, connected with the Philadelphia county prison; and had I time and space, I could narrate tales of individual suffering, that would make the blood of a feeling heart curdle, and bring the blush of shame to the cheek of a Choctaw!

"In company with Mr. Mullen, I next visited that awful locality, lying between Fifth and Seventh, South and Fitzwater streets; and though the day was warm and pleasant, yet the scenes of destitution, drunkenness and suffering, which I here witnessed, made a painful impression upon my mind; and I could not help thinking, if thus it was, on a day like this, what must it be at the midnight hour of winter, with the thermometer at zero. As I have endeavoured to draw a faint picture of the miserable scenes of this quarter, in the pages which follow, I will refer any, who may be curious, to the work itself.

"And in this connexion, a sense of duty compels me to say a few words of Mr. Mullen's disinterested labours, here among the poor. Some years ago, being in easy circumstances, and hearing much of the awful sufferings of his fellow beings, in this vicinity, he boldly ventured among them, at the risk of his life—for this, be it remarked, is the headquarters of criminals of every grade, from the thief, who would risk imprisonment to steal a penny, to the bloody wretch who would cut your throat for a dollar—he boldly ventured among them, I say, at the risk of his life; and seeing the state of horrible misery, which now enclosed him, as in a vortex of night-mares, he nobly resolved to make an attempt to meliorate their condition. No sooner had he formed this resolution, than, with that energy of purpose, firmness of mind, and unyielding determination, which characterize him, he set about his *Christian* task. It was in the dead of winter, and hundreds were freezing and starving to death; and he saw it was necessary to rent some building, in which to establish his headquarters, and have a place to warm, feed, and clothe his perishing brothers and sisters. There was a church in the vicinity, and he applied for that; but the trustees refused to rent it for any such *degrading* purpose, and he had to look elsewhere. He finally pro-

cured a building, and did all that one man could do to alleviate the distress around him. He has continued to labour in this field ever since, aided by other philanthropists, and is still as active among the poor as ever, having spent thousands of dollars of his own money to carry out his noble plans. He is the founder of the Moyamensing House of Industry, where the suffering poor, who have neither home nor friends, are fed and cared for, and has held the office of President of over fifty other benevolent societies and institutions. May God give him his reward!

"I must here add a word or two more, for fear of being misunderstood. What I have said of William J. Mullen, I have said without solicitation, and I am writing this without his knowledge. I felt it to be my duty to speak of him as I have, simply as an act of justice; and I can honestly assert, that I would say the same of any other man, friend or enemy, if I could be assured he had done as much to relieve the wants and miseries of my unfortunate fellow beings. Mr. Mullen lives in Philadelphia, and keeps a record of all his transactions, which can be perused by any one who may desire to do so. But I warn you that that record, of many volumes, with its details of crime and suffering, would make your blood run cold with horror! Without the strongest evidence of its being a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, no one could be made to believe that such things could occur in our day and generation! It is a record of human wrong, human frailty, and human wretchedness, over which the very angels in heaven must weep!

"But let me hasten to conclude this already lengthy introduction.

"After returning from the locality I have mentioned, I found myself in possession of all the facts I required; but having gained these facts—many of them too horrible for narration, in a work making any pretensions to refinement—I began, for the first time, to perceive the difficulties which lay in the way of the accomplishment of the task I had undertaken. I wished to write a book, which might please the general reader, and, at the same time, call attention to the vices and miseries which exist in every great city, and especially in that quarter of Philadelphia, of which mention has more than once been made. But to describe the scenes, as they really existed, and do still exist there, without any relief, I very naturally concluded would shock and disgust the reader, and prove an entire failure.

"So, after much pondering of the subject, I settled upon the plan which I have carried out, and which I hope may meet the approbation of the great public, to whose candid and impartial judgment I now submit the work, well knowing that if it fail of its design, the fault must rest with the Author, and not with those who render an unbiassed decision. If it be thought by any that I have lingered more than I should among the scenes of misery, vice and crime, I can truly assert, that I have done so for a higher purpose than that of merely writing a thrilling tale, and that I have laboured to relieve and lighten the dark shades of a dark picture, as much as I could, without destroying its power of impressing the mind with the truth of a more terrible reality.

"In conclusion, let me add, I have aimed at no personalities, and especially at no religion; for true religion, the religion taught by

our Saviour, I love and venerate. Of some glaring faults and errors, as displayed by certain classes, I have spoken somewhat boldly—perhaps too boldly to please the pompous hypocrites who use religion as a cloak to cover their vices. If such prove to be the case, it may afford them some consolation to be told, that I had no design or expectation of pleasing them from the start—though I think they should rather blame themselves for the facts, than the writer for alluding to them.

“It may interest some to know, that I first saw the little ‘Hunchback’ in the county prison, and subsequently reeling through one of the streets, with a group of ragged urchins following him, hooting and laughing. Of the other characters, I need only say, they have their counterparts in real life.

EMERSON BENNETT.

“PHILADELPHIA, *January, 1855.*”

Moral Matters.

MR. W. J. MULLEN'S REPORT.

To the Acting Committee on County Prison:—

Gentlemen,—Your agent would respectfully inform you that he has attended to the duties assigned him, and has visited the prison daily; he has succeeded in releasing during the past month eighty-six persons, and within the past year seven hundred and twenty-five. Most of these persons were actually innocent of the offence for which they were committed. The balance of the cases were of a trifling nature, but if it had not been for the timely interference of your agent, and with the aid of the proper authorities, many of them would have remained in prison for months. Of these, two hundred and fourteen, when liberated, were destitute of friends, money or clothing. Independent of the number stated above, there were also a number of discharged convicts, who having served out their time, were thrown upon the community, without home, and without character, and of course the peculiar object of your agent's care. He furnished the most destitute with small sums of money and clothing. Many were provided with tickets to take them into the country, where they could procure work and be enabled to maintain themselves by honest industry.

A careful investigation of my labours made by the visiting inspectors recently, has shown that I have saved to the Tax Payers of the city, during the past year, a sum of about \$12,000 in the items of board and costs. This fact is important to us in a pecuniary point of view, but no money could have compensated for the sufferings and injury done to character, health, loss of time, &c., &c., which might have otherwise taken place. In view of all those facts, I feel encouraged to go on, and have accepted the proposition made by the inspectors, at the request of my fellow citizens; and I have consented to withdraw from all other business, and intend to devote myself for the future, mainly with divine permission to this one object, with a view of doing all the good I can in this particular. On the 1st of January, 1855, I shall withdraw from a mechanical business which I have been connected with as a manufacturer for more than thirty

years; it has up to this time yielded me a handsome income. When I commenced my labours as your agent, I met with discouragements enough to have cooled the ardour and zeal of any man, but I felt the importance of the cause, and I persevered notwithstanding all the difficulties which surrounded me. And I now give you the result of my labours for the past year.

It seems to me that there is now but one voice, and that is praise! All men say we have done well. The Governor, Judges of the Court, Grand Jury, Press, Prison Society, Inspectors and citizens, one and all have spoken in favour of our labours. And I pray daily to my Heavenly Father that he will give me wisdom, health and strength sufficient to enable me to accomplish good, as long as he shall permit me to exist. I remain, gentlemen, Yours respectfully,

WM. J. MULLEN,

Agent for the Philadelphia Society for the alleviation of the miseries of Public Prisons.

Dec. 31, 1854.

PRISON AGENT'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1854.

Schedule of the various offences, for which persons were committed to prison and discharged by the proper authorities, through the instrumentality of your agent during the year 1854.

Assault and battery, 143; larceny, 121; disorderly conduct, 106; vagrants, 95; breach of peace, 62; drunkenness, 66; misdemeanor, 39; threatening, 14; desertion, 13; malicious mischief, 14; disorderly house, 14; false pretences, 3; nuisance, 3; burglary, 3; bastardy, 3; bigamy, 3; tippling house, 2; counterfeiting, 2; concealed deadly weapons, 2; gambling, 2; receiving stolen goods, 2; picking pockets, 3; riot, 3; contempt, 1; rape, 2; selling liquor, 1; perjury, 1; disobedience, 1; conspiracy, 1; total, 725.

Discharged prisoners furnished with homes and employment, 214, a large portion of which were discharged convicts, that were friendless.

MOYAMENSING PRISON.

The evident improvement in every department of this prison deserves from us especial notice. It is not alone in the strict observance of good order, the honest and upright manner with which the business transactions of the institution are conducted; but in the endeavour to lessen the expenses by adopting certain new rules and regulations, the having gas introduced throughout the general building, and by a systematic distribution of labour, and efficient discharge of the duties of all the officers.

Too much credit cannot be given to the President, E. Y. Farquhar, for his disinterested labours in this particular. The conduct of the Inspectors, their devotion and attention to the prisoners, and economy observed in all matters appertaining to the institution, deserve equal praise. They have succeeded in paying off the old indebtedness which has stood for years, amounting to some thousands of dollars, and have expended over six thousand dollars in repairs, new flooring of cells, &c., and have provided for prisoners in a much

better manner than heretofore. After doing all this, they have managed to settle all demands, and pay over to the treasurer three hundred dollars surplus. This is unparalleled in the history of this institution, and affords us the pleasing task of announcing this fact to our readers.

THE PRISON FINANCES.

The current expenses of the Moyamensing prison, for the past six months, have actually fallen more than three hundred dollars below the estimates upon which the appropriations by councils were made, enabling the return of the surplus to the city treasury, and the commencement of a new year with an entire freedom from debt, which is a novelty in the history of the institution.

In that wretched locality, known as the "Paupers' Homes," in the neighbourhood of Bedford street, the following is one of the many scenes which not unfrequently occur in that miserable place.

Jan. 2, 1855.—The coroner's jury, summoned to hold an inquest on the body of Paulina Bear, a little girl, aged about four years, who died from maltreatment in a hovel in Lathbury's court, in the vicinity of Sixth and Bedford streets, returned a verdict yesterday afternoon that she came to her death from inflammation of the brain, caused by the bad treatment she received from the hands of her parents. The child had a step-father, who suddenly left for parts unknown on Thursday last. The evidence given in before the jury is perfectly shocking. The little girl had been sick for five weeks from an attack of diarrhoea, and during which time she was inhumanly beaten by the mother, as well as the step-father, and starved. Her body was emaciated; in fact, it was a mere skeleton, covered with skin. The mother, a German woman, was committed.

Alderman Kenney committed a sailor, John Williams, on a charge of smuggling and larceny of some sugar, made by one of the custom-house officers. It seems, upon an investigation of the prison agent, that Williams had brought some sugar with him for his own use, and was bringing it up from on board ship after dark, when he was seized, brought before the alderman, and committed to prison. Mr. Mullen had the case brought before the surveyor, who, having heard the particulars, immediately sent a note to the officious prosecutor, and the man was discharged, and at once resumed his situation on board of his ship. If he had not been released, he would have lost his situation, money, and clothes, and remained a prisoner under the general government, to take his trial for using his own sugar.

He was released in a few days, without cost.

THE COUNTY PRISON.

The new regulation adopted by the inspectors of the county prison, under which aldermen were not permitted to discharge prisoners charged with being drunk and disorderly, unless the discharge was first endorsed by one of the visiting committee, has been in force since the organization of the new board. The object, we are informed, is to protect the unfortunates who are arrested for the crimes alluded

to from being subjected to illegal fees by the aldermen, many of whom charge from one to five dollars' cost, according to the ability of the prisoner or his friends.

There are but few of the committing magistrates who commit for drunkenness, as the penalty is only imprisonment for twenty-four hours, or a small fine; but if this class of prisoners are committed as drunk and disorderly, in a few days the costs will probably be paid, and go into the pockets of the alderman. This practice is still continued, although, by the consolidation act, they are prohibited from receiving fees in criminal cases. The following is the section of the law under which the prison inspectors have adopted the rule referred to:—

“Section 14.—All persons who may be convicted, according to the existing laws of the commonwealth, before the mayor, recorder, or any alderman of the city of Philadelphia, or before any alderman or justice of the peace of the county of Philadelphia, as a vagrant or disorderly person, shall be sentenced to suffer separate or solitary confinement, at hard labour, in the Philadelphia county prison, for the term of one month, and be fed, clothed, and treated as convicts in said prison are directed to be fed, clothed, and treated: provided, that the inspectors may discharge persons committed as vagrants and disorderly, or send them to the house of employment of the almshouse, there to be dealt with according to the provisions of the 14th section of the act passed the 5th day of March, 1828, entitled, ‘An act for the relief and employment of the poor of the city of Philadelphia, the district of Southwark, and the township of the Northern Liberties.’ ”

It would seem that the inspectors are determined to enforce a law which heretofore has been an obsolete one. Magistrates will be now held in check; and the old practice of committing for costs is entirely broken up. The poor will not now be driven, as they have been, to the necessity of pawning or selling the clothes from their backs to pay costs, so as they may be liberated by magistrates, who kept them there for that purpose. Judge Allison recently gave a decision to this effect, that “no alderman had the right to charge costs in a criminal case.”

THE NORTHERN HOME FOR FRIENDLESS CHILDREN.—BUTTONWOOD ST. BELOW BROAD.

We learn that 63 children have been admitted into the above Institution during the year 1854—42 boys, and 21 girls. Of these, 7 were under the age of 4 years, 34 from 4 to 8 years, and 22 over the age of 8. 21 have been indentured, 12 have been returned to friends, and there are now 40 children in the Home—10 remaining from last year. The building not admitting the reception of any more, the Managers are obliged to refuse many applications, every week.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS, PERIODICALS, ETC.

THE PRISONERS' FRIEND. Boston: Edited by Charles Spear. *December Number.*

This is always a welcome visiter to our sanctum. The present number is an excellent one. Perhaps the highest compliment we can pay The Prisoners' Friend, is to say that his name is Charles Spear.

We give our readers an extract from an article, written by the editor, entitled "Ten Years' Experience."

"The present number completes ten years of our labour as an American journalist in the cause of prison reform, and twenty-five years since we first entered on our labours as a writer for other publications. So that for a quarter of a century we have laboured more or less in this department. We believe we may now safely affirm, that we have visited more prisons, and written more on crime, than any other person in this country. How much good we may have accomplished, it ill becomes us to say. Indeed, the amount of good and evil in a man's life can never be accurately weighed. The mission on which we entered a quarter of a century ago, must ever be considered one of the most difficult within the range of the human faculties. The subject of crime has puzzled the wisest of intellects, and discouraged the noblest hearts. The results of our experience have not, however, disheartened us from prosecuting our labours, and the probability is that the remainder of our life will be given to this cause. If discouragements could have driven us off, we have had enough.

THE LADIES' CHRISTIAN ANNUAL. Published at No. 5, Hart's Building. *December Number.*

A beautiful number, subject-matter altogether original; and what is calculated to render it a pleasant companion in the social circle, is the fact that it has several lady contributors. An article on "Popular Literature," by Mary, is deserving of especial notice. The editor, under the head of "Our Reveries," has several interesting articles. From one, entitled "Winter," we make the following extract:

"Will not ten cents do for that shirt? it is only for a boy. The times are very hard. I cannot afford to pay a levy for such a piece of work," said Mrs. Pinchbeck, to a woman her superior in mind and in heart, and in education, but whom adversity had compelled to make a living by the "stitch, stitch, stitch" from morning till night. Mrs. Pinchbeck was this morning dressed in a fine maroon velvet cloak, and enveloped in furs. And the party she gave at night would have paid a year's rent for half the wretched poor in her neighbourhood. She is "President of a Humane Society for Widows, Visiter of a Ragged School, and Directress of a House of Reform for Unfortunate Females," and is walking the broad road that leads to destruction, much admired and greatly praised.

THE

PHILANTHROPIST.

MARCH, 1855.

Moral Essays.

MORAL INFLUENCES IN OUR PENITENTIARIES.

Whether that influence is properly exercised, and the wants of the prisoners properly attended to, are questions we do not take upon ourselves to answer. The public give to certain persons the power to see and examine into these matters, and if they are neglectful, the consequences of such neglect must inevitably fall upon them. There is, however, one way we would suggest whereby the poor, isolated creatures may be benefited, and their clouded minds cheered by the light and sunbeams of Christian truth, and that is, to withdraw his morbid attention from dwelling on the gloomy and hopeless condition to which his misconduct has brought him, by reminding him that, though much is lost, all is not lost—that the great future is still before him; that an eternity of blessedness may yet be secured; for that the greatest and the best of Beings has opened up a way, whereby even he may return.

There are men in this, and in fact in all communities, who imagine that the ends of justice are reached when the law has inflicted its penalties, and performed its conservative duty to society. This is not so: a greater and a far more paramount one remains, and that is, "directing and controlling punishment by a judicious and enlightened philanthropy, for the restoration, recovery, and conversion of the guilty and the sinful;" for though they are degraded offenders, they are still men. A writer, speaking upon this subject, says: "For though they are degraded offenders, still they are men. Their misconduct has not broken the bond of a common brotherhood: they are 'bone of our bone, and kindred souls of ours.' Tyrants may despise and treat their prisoners with cruelty or indifference; but it becomes Christian freemen to imitate Him who hath made a way whereby his banished may return. We are at charges to feed and shelter them during their penitentiary sojourn; but if we make no provision for their moral recovery, we leave untouched the cause that brought them there. The disease is in the mind, the heart, the moral feelings. The

sanitary power must be brought to bear upon that, or all the labour will be lost; the poor patient of penitentiary discipline will return, like a dog, to his vomit."

The love of gain, desire to obtain money, without the fatigue of labour, offences against men and property, are among the most prominent features of crime, showing the want of honesty of principle. This generally flows from a want of industrious habits; and it is here we fathom the root of the matter—a want of moral training. Let us quote from the same author:

"Most probably their hearts had not been schooled in the moral virtues, nor their hands furnished with the noblest of all independencies, the skill to labour.

"Now, it will avail but little to bring a railing accusation against dishonesty; we must go deeper, and lay the axe to the root. We must awaken conscience, and ply the understanding with the light of truth, to produce conviction of the folly of wasting all the energies of mind and life, sacrificing everything that is dignified in manhood, and foregoing all the pleasures of virtue, for the debasing, paltry gains of dishonesty. And then to urge the necessity of amendment, and the formation of industrious habits, to aim at independence and self-reliance. From these motives, and by these means, we would give a right direction to those in error, and put them in a train for improvement, with a reasonable prospect of returning them to society, no longer pests and spoilers, but virtuous and industrious members.

"The moral instructor, while, as a Christian, he holds all the great principles of the evangelical churches, should be entirely free from bigotry and narrow sectarian feeling; and, with a bland benevolence, regard himself as charged with the moral welfare of the strayed sheep from all flocks."

Gradually, however, these evils will be remedied, as, under the new prison regulations, the physical, mental, and moral wants of the prisoners are to receive the particular attention of the inspectors; and as the doors are open to the missionary and the philanthropist, the prospect looks cheering for a happier change in their ideas of what constitutes honesty, truth, and the advantages of labour.

Written for the Philanthropist.

A PACKAGE OF WILHELMINA'S MIXTURES AND MINT-DROPS.

To produce warmth on a winter evening—heat your heart with love for your fellow-creatures, and your mind with intellectual vigour.

Prayer is a blessing dear as life: without it, life would be useless. The weather of our climate seems to make us persevering.

There is no beauty without virtue, and there is no virtue without beauty.

Let everything we do show we are doing for heaven.

Let everything we think of show we are thinking for heaven.

Let everything we say show we are saying for heaven.

If your early life is attended with miseries, look to the future, not only of this life, but of that which is to come.

In misery think of heaven.

We can never be reminded too often that man's chief end is, to glorify God.

A winter evening is truly delightful when our happy firesides are made still warmer with the glowing faces, from fires within, of those most near and dear to us.

When you have a right cause in view, ask God to help you with it, and fear not. If a mountain, appearing perhaps to have no summit, stands in your way, he can remove it, wonderful action as it seems. If there is an ocean to be crossed, he can give you a pleasant voyage, lovely skies and weather—all things to suit; sometimes stormy weather, to drive you on faster. No; when you have God on your side, fear not to pass through a host of enemies. Rather rejoice to see them, knowing that your victorious passage will only be to his glory.

Labour to form correct ideas as to the manner in which you should act, and carry out such plans of conduct, as they would lead to independently, and "never be weary of thus well-doing."

A very distinguished and good man says: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen those deceived who placed their trust in God."

Want is the detested offspring of idleness and carelessness.

Plenty is the lovely, pleasing offspring of industry and frugality.

Perseverance is the offspring of prudence and ambition.

Hope, "thrice-blessed hope," is the child of faith and love.

Mercy springs from love and justice, and is the twin-sister of heaven-beloved philanthropy.

Justice is the offspring of wisdom and love to man. He entertains correct views of the equality which should exist between men. I know a little of Justice. He is a student of the Bible; that is his law-book.

The self-denying person is the truly polite person: he serves God before himself. Who would not, then, be true to his Maker at all times? Who would not be truly noble? Who would not strive to show true gratitude?

If you would wish to be polite,
Serve God you must with all your might.

T.

THE EDITOR'S WALK.—NO. III.

Misery and wretchedness, poverty and crime, are abundant in our midst; and a walk through that portion of our city, wherein they exist to an extent fearful as it is alarming, affords ample material for our subject.

A very pretty girl, meanly clad, called upon us not long since, and told a piteous tale of woe. It was of a sick father, a mother incapable of doing anything to provide for the family, consisting of themselves and three children. Her every look—eye unwavering, countenance unchanged—satisfied us of the truth of her statement. We took her address, and started off in search of the house, to judge for ourselves the situation of her suffering parents.

The street in which they lived was at the utmost verge of the city, below the site of the Yellow Cottage. When we reached the place, no persons of the name and description given were living there. The neighbours stated that several persons had been inquiring for the same girl; and such a one, answering the description, they said, lived

in the brick house a little lower down the street, which was pointed out to us. Having reached the dwelling, and knocked at the door, it was opened by a thinly-clad, emaciated little girl, of about ten years of age. She stated that her mother and sister were out, but her father was up stairs. She started off to call him down. Looking around the room, on which there was no carpet, we noticed the consequences of idleness and dissipation. These were discernible in the dirt and filth. The floor was covered with grease and dirt, slippery to the feet, and repulsive to the senses. With the exception of the filth, a rickety cradle, a broken clock, a table with three legs, and two backless chairs, constituted the contents of the room. At last the man came down: his appearance was in accordance with the things surrounding him. I asked him about his daughter, describing her person, and told him the tale she was circulating throughout the city, part of which I had every reason to believe was not true.

To this he replied, speaking rapidly, with a slight English enunciation, "Why, you see, sir—much 'bliged to you, sir, indeed, sir. Why, you see, sir—the truth is, sir, my wife was sick, sir, but is quite well now. She's out, sir, washing, sir." "Begging," we replied.

"La! no, sir—washing, sir. You see, sir—you know, sir, that the child, sir—my daughter—tries to make things worse, sir—bad as possible, sir. I tell her always to tell the truth, and the Lord will prosper her. But, sir, she picks up bad habits in the streets from other girls, and that's all, sir." At that moment the door opened, and his wife entered with a *jug of whisky!* Such was my interview with a sick and suffering family.

We had the address of another family, given us by two very pretty girls, neatly clad, and giving the strongest evidence, in their every action, of having seen better days.

When we reached the house, we found to our surprise that it was a three-story one, the rent of which was two hundred dollars per annum. The name was on the door—could we be mistaken? No; the family lived there—it was one of poverty and pride. The man himself opened the door. Then we beheld a face upon which time had set its seal—not of years, but of dissipation: each succeeding day, month, and year added to that face all the marks and signs that note the decay of life, and ruin of soul and body. That face was the index of a volume of misery. We knew that face. Twenty years had passed since we last saw it: then it was a bright and joyous one—trust and bright hope shed their rays on before him; alas! dimmed now the one, blighted forever the other. We addressed him kindly: he told his sad tale; the want of food compelled him to send his two little daughters out to beg. "There was a time," we remarked, "when you would have begged yourself first: that was before you became what you are—a lost and abandoned creature. Nay," we continued, "start not! your name, your life, and history, are known to us; and she whom you married—she who was once the pride of her circle—the admired belle of the ball-room—where is she?" For a moment he hesitated, then replied, "In the kitchen, cooking our wretched dinner." Reader, we did not desert that family; nor are they so destitute now. Shame awoke a spark in that man's breast, which lit up hope in his little family once more.

The next case was one of a fearful character. We heard of an old

couple living in a stable. This we published in a report made to the Home Missionary Society, at the time it occurred. Two old people living in a stable! Ay; an old man and his wife lying on straw, in a common stable, exposed to the inelmeney of a winter's night, or, at least, partly protected by a few loose boards, thrown carelessly together. Imagine, ye who roll in wealth, an old lady, on whose head Father Time has scattered the gray hairs of sixty winters, exclaiming, in a calm voice—the voice of resignation to her fate—"I am now where our blessed Saviour was born—in a stable!" This reflection soothed her sorrowing breast; and the associations of that eventful page in the history of Jesus Christ made her feel her pangs far less than if that Christian feeling had not dwelt in her bosom. The same star that pointed out to the eastern magi the birth-place of our Saviour has already conducted the good and charitable to their relief.

It was while living in the stable that the dear, good old woman cheered the spirits of her aged partner, by repeating this verse:

Though soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard the Saviour lay,
For his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

We visited a poor family late at night—a cold bitter night. Imagine, O reader, four small children sleeping, and, in that unquiet slumber, you hear them cry out, "Mother, dear mother, give us some bread." See that mother standing by their side, tucking in and around them the scanty covering, and rousing a few dying embers on the hearth, to throw a little warmth o'er that cheerless room. Let us ask them to follow that family through a long cold Sunday, and the dreary, cheerless, howling blasts of a winter's storm, and dwell for a moment on the feelings of the wretched, heart-broken parent. Youth is the season of delight; the young heart opens to the world like the blossoms of spring; but if the chill blasts of poverty come over it in its noontide, it withers and fades away, and that young heart is lost in the snows misfortune's storms gather around it.

THE "FIVE POINTS" OF PHILADELPHIA.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Philadelphia in 1853, drew a fearful picture of the condition of the lower districts at that period. Two years have passed away; the subject and the terrible *exposé* of the misery and wretchedness, crime and immorality, were made the special matter of a grand jury presentment at the time. Meetings were held, aid was solicited, and the power and influence of the churches invoked. Two years have elapsed, and what has been done? Not a day passes but we read similar scenes of misery and distress as given in that letter. What will it be two years hence?

PROGRESS.—Progress is the beneficent law of the race. We cannot be circumscribed within the range of our fathers' ideas, any more than we can use their old implements.

Editorial.

WILLIAM J. MULLEN.

TO OUR FELLOW CITIZENS:—

We would again say, it is to be regretted that a few of our brother editors should have permitted their reporters to throw a shadow over the bright sunshine of the good actions in the life of Mr. Wm. J. Mullen, the Prison Agent, without having first seen him, and ascertained as to the truthfulness of the alleged statements. It will be remembered that Mr. Mullen is a member of a philanthropic association, who has created him their agent; they should feel themselves called upon to inquire into the statements made—if true, to visit upon Mr. Mullen the consequences of his acts—if false, to assert his innocence in the face of any combination that may be formed against him.

We, as an independent editor, have felt it to be our duty to make the investigation. We are prepared to state, that the implied facts alleged against Mr. Mullen, are totally false, and we believe the motives that prompted them to be unfair and corrupt.

The matter can be explained to the public in a few words.

The suburban Aldermen of our city have, for a long time past, obtained the greater portion of their emoluments from the encouragement of petty litigation among the poor and degraded. One great essential of this litigation was the power of imprisonment. Alternately, the prosecutor and defendant took their turn in the county prison. The law and the facts were both distorted to gratify private malice. Commitments were granted for abuse, assault, threats, petty larceny, and all the grades of similar offences known to the law. From these things the Aldermen derived large profits, while the county was burdened with the expense of supporting these victims of *fictitious* crime.

It was to remedy such palpable evils that different bodies connected with the county prison, constituted Mr. Mullen their agent, to inquire into all cases of hardship and oppression—into all cases where the purposes of justice were perverted—into all cases where the burden to the county could be lightened, and the law at the same time not infringed upon.

Mr. Mullen proceeded with unexampled activity in this good work. In the space of one year he attracted the attention of the authorities to, and procured discharges for, over seven hundred persons. In all that host, there did not appear one case in which his action had been improper; not one which could not be considered a fitting object for such relief.

The necessity for such an agent became a fixed fact. Mr. Mullen met with praise on all hands; from private citizens, from officials, from charitable associations, from grand juries, from the judges of the courts, even from the Governor of the commonwealth, who appointed him to visit, with full authority, all the prisons in the state.

But while Mr. Mullen was thus succeeding, the income of the suburban magistrates was diminishing. Litigation among the poor, the abject, the ignorant, decreased. It was time to take some measures of opposition against the author of all this; to destroy his power of action and his influence. The consequence has been a series

of publications alluding to three trifling cases, one of which never existed; the other two were merely committed for a further hearing, there being no direct proof against them, to which we referred when they made their appearance. The main-spring of it all is to be found, as we believe, in pecuniary and mercenary interest, waking up suddenly to the consciousness that its province was being invaded.

We will take up the charges in their order. The first charge that appeared in the newspapers was, that Mr. Mullen had obtained bail for a man committed for larceny, and that in three days afterwards, the same man was recommitted for a similar offence. In the first place, this is an isolated case, and even if true, would be no more than one of those instances of deception to which the most prudent man would be liable. But in the second place, it is not true. Mr. Mullen denies it—it has never been proved—the name of the man has never been mentioned—the prison records, which would show its truth, have never been cited, and the authority referred to as having originated the statement, alleges that he never said anything of the kind. The whole charge is therefore groundless.

The next charge preferred was, that Mr. Mullen had procured the discharge of Charles Moothart, said to be a regular pilferer. In the first place, it does not follow that even a regular thief should be guilty in every case in which he is arrested. His very reputation very often renders him suspicious in matters where he is entirely innocent, and in the particular case referred to, Mr. Mullen's aspersers do not pretend to say or prove that Moothart was guilty, there being no particular charge against him. They assert merely that he was generally guilty. In the second place, the District Attorney, Wm. B. Reed, some time since published that no prisoner should be held for a further hearing for more than six days. The reason of this was, that one held for a further hearing is entirely in the power of the magistrate. He cannot be relieved by a *habeas corpus*; he cannot be brought before a grand jury; no process of the law can reach or assist him. To prevent, therefore, magistrates using this power in an oppressive manner, Mr. Reed made a resolve to enforce this wise and beneficent regulation, as has been seen by a publication from him within a year past. Now we have found, and did prove, that Charles Moothart had been, when his discharge was procured by Mr. Mullen, not only six, but *fifty* days in the county prison, where he had been held for a further hearing. So that his discharge was a necessity of the law as it now stands. His discharge by Mr. Mullen, was obtained at the solicitation of a respectable, intelligent citizen, whose judgment is unquestionable in such matters. He had visited the prisoner in an official capacity in his cell. He heard his sad story—he believed that he was innocent, from the fact that no one had appeared at any time to testify that he had done anything that would justify the magistrate in finally committing him. This good man called upon Mr. Mullen, drew his attention to the case, and furnished him with a memoranda of the facts, and he, as a faithful agent, went to the Mayor's office, and made inquiries in reference to his case; his release was at once freely given, as he had only been sent down for a further hearing. Not only that, but the discharge was obtained in no surreptitious manner, but regularly, from the Mayor of the city, nothing appearing in evidence against

him. These facts were given, with documentary evidence, to the parties who misrepresented Mr. Mullen in the newspaper publications, instead of publishing them as given from the transcripts taken from the prison books, in reference to the parties having been committed for a further hearing, as there was no actual charge against either of them, that could be seen on the prison docket or anywhere else. Instead of stating these facts as they had them before them, they chose to deceive the public by omitting the words, *further hearing*, in each case, and in this way they undertook to make the amend honourable to Mr. Mullen in their publication, when they, in reality, made the matter worse, by publishing a garbled statement of the facts; it would have been far better, in our opinion, for them to have published an accurate statement of the facts as they were given them than to have said, as they did say, in their publication, "We have received proof, strong, almost, as the confirmation of Holy Writ, that we were right in the statement we then made." *Now, they cannot show that they were right* in any one of the cases alluded to. Police officer Blackburn, the authority that they gave, and who was the cause of the reporter writing the first objectionable article, in reference to furnishing bail to a coloured man, distinctly denies that he ever told the reporter of the North American that Mr. Mullen had furnished bail in that case or in any other, that he ever knew of. He promised to go to the proprietor of the paper, and say that the reporter misunderstood him when they conversed together on the subject of the agency. It is surprising that there should have been so much newspaper discussion on this subject, without *any real cause*. The most that can be made out of this whole matter is, that in another case, which is that of Richard Sager, who had been committed to prison, and that, too, only for a further hearing, for the larceny of two old bags, valued at \$2 50, which has caused the owners of the bags, who reside in Chester county, to be put to much inconvenience, loss of time, and expense, in coming down from the country to appear before the grand jury at one time, and at another time to appear before the court: all this is required of them for the purpose of convicting Sager, if possible. Should they fail to appear, their bail would be forfeited, and they may be required to pay \$300 each. This is required of them, although they cannot say that they ever saw Sager take their property, nor had they any desire whatever to prosecute. They comply with the demand made upon them, through fear of the law, and not from choice. Since his discharge by the District Attorney, he has been re-arrested by the police, and brought before Alderman George Moore, who committed him to prison to await his trial for the larceny of the two bags which he had been previously committed to prison for, by him, the Alderman, and released by the District Attorney. Sager says he found them in the street, and no one will pretend to say they saw him take them. It remains to be seen whether the jury will convict him under the circumstances of the case, they now have the opportunity, should it be thought best, as he is in prison, waiting his trial. It appears that the whole cause of this trouble, in the first place, was in consequence of the Alderman making a mistake in entering the first commitment upon his books, the entry having been made for drunk and disorderly, when it should have been for larceny. There has been no

were found in his possession; and there is certainly nothing else alleged against him. It is the more surprising, after he had been acquitted by the proper prosecuting officer of the commonwealth, who authorized the clerk of the court to give him his final discharge from the prison. All this was done, after *a thorough and full investigation of the case*, as was required and given in the letter from the President of the prison to Mr. Reed, the District Attorney. This had scarcely been done and publicly announced, before we were informed in the newspapers, that two true bills had been found against this man for the very case that he had been acquitted of but a day or two previous, and this, too, was done on nearly the first day of the term of the court. What is the meaning of all this? There is evidently a secret enemy at work, that is indirectly using his power to influence the reporters of the press, by imposing upon them, for the purpose of destroying Mr. Mullen's usefulness in this particular. If he was blind and deaf, and could not see the things that are daily seen and noticed by him, that he causes to be acted upon, that so materially affects the interests of certain parties, (but this is necessary to be done, in order to relieve the oppressed who are daily looking to Mr. Mullen for protection;) it would not then be intimated in newspaper publications, that his judgment was not good in the releasing of prisoners. He would then do but little, and would, no doubt, be just the man who would give satisfaction to those disaffected parties who have shown a disposition to find fault, when they said, in their newspaper publication, "The credulous man is not the person to be intrusted with the power to turn aside the sword of justice, and open the prison doors to those charged with outrages against the peace of the community;" or that he had too much heart, and that he released thieves and vagabonds without due authority. We deny the above charge; those whom he releases, are those who are wrongfully suspected of the above offences, and that careful investigations prove that they are innocent, or scarcely guilty. We defy them to show a single instance wherein he has been instrumental in releasing any one person without due authority, and without the consent of the proper authorities; we feel prepared to prove that he has saved to the tax-payers of the city of Philadelphia, at least \$12,000 in the items of board and costs, within the last year, besides protecting and releasing the innocent and the oppressed. The principal complaint against Mr. Mullen is, that he obtained the discharge of Richard Sager. This case seems to be one of peculiar oppression. The attention of the Prison Agent was attracted to Sager by an Inspector, who sympathized with him. He had been in prison forty-eight days longer than the law would permit him to be legally, as he was only committed for a further hearing, as the records will show. Mr. Mullen went at once to Alderman George Moore, who had committed him, and made inquiries about the case. Alderman Moore said that he (Sager,) was not in prison, that he must have been discharged long ago: that he had not committed him to prison for larceny, but for being *drunk and disorderly*. Mr. Mullen assured him, that by the records of the prison, it appeared that he was committed for larceny. Alderman Moore denied that it was so—he had no recollection of any such charge. Mr. Mullen then brought him a copy of the prison record, showing that the prisoner was charged with larceny, and that he had committed him for that offence, and that for

drunkenness, as he had it recorded upon his books. Alderman Moore still declared that it was a mistake. He then gave Mr. Mullen a discharge for the prisoner, to release him from confinement for being drunk and disorderly, as it was recorded upon his books, accompanied by a note addressed to the President of the Board of Inspectors, stating that he had made a mistake in committing Sager for larceny, and asked the Inspectors to discharge him. The crime which he was subsequently committed for, was for precisely the same offence that he had been committed to prison by Alderman Moore for in the first place, and that the Alderman had entered on his books as drunk and disorderly, and that he was finally discharged by Mr. Reed, the District Attorney, who entered a *nolle pros.* in the case at that time. The only direct witness against him before the Alderman, was a police officer, and the only evidence, mere suspicion, based upon the fact that he had the bags in his possession. These sum up the charges preferred against the Prison Agent, which, after all, if there be any errors, they were committed by the Alderman and others in authority, and certainly not by Mr. Mullen, who has so faithfully done his duty in each and every case, as he, the prisoner, was discharged by Mr. Reed, at the request of the President of the Board of Inspectors, and not by Mr. Mullen. After eighteen months' service, they have not been able, as yet, to bring any charge against him, of having committed an error in the releasing of prisoners; hence the necessity of this unjust and unfair attack upon him without any just cause, and these are gathered together and distorted and disfigured by those who have the strongest of all temporal inducements to falsify and misrepresent, and these too, moreover, have not the attestation of any recognised name or authority, but are the anonymous outpouring of some secret malice, that has had an influence sufficient to deceive the reporters of the press, who have penned the objectionable articles that have appeared in the newspapers from time to time. We have, perhaps, given them too much importance by replying to them.

In conclusion, we would say, the statement is properly suggested by the attacks we have been engaged in replying to, that if the wide bosom of society was searched, no man could be found, as we believe, who is better fitted to fill the responsible duties of Prison Agent, than Mr. Wm. J. Mullen—he unites all the requisites to the position. An energy which never halts nor flags, a benevolence which never tires, a clear, unclouded judgment, that no ebullition of his heart ever overcomes, and a long experience among prisoners, which prevents him ever mistaking cunning for innocence, or shrewd guilt for oppressed virtue. He does more good to society and humanity in one day of his active existence, than all his calumniators jointly, from the cradle to the grave. This fact is sufficient to secure for him the confidence of all good citizens, in spite of the various attempts that have been made by those who would sacrifice Mr. Mullen and destroy his usefulness, for no other purpose than to serve private interests. This is a fact which I believe is susceptible of proof, that ought to be noticed and investigated by the present grand jury. A false issue has been recently got up in the newspaper publication, particularly when they say, "We published the facts as he gave them, and we find them totally untrue. This is a matter of opinion, that may have been given without a careful investigation. We know the facts given by Mr. Mullen, to be true in every particular, and we hold

ourselves prepared to again give documentary evidence as to their correctness, whenever required. We say this, because we believe the Prison Agent has been misrepresented, and placed in a false light before the community, and his good deeds misrepresented, with a view of prejudicing the public against him, for the purpose of serving private interests.

When the second attack was made upon Mr. Mullen in the North American, he went to the editor and complained, and said they had done him injustice, and that their publication tended to set him before the community in a false light, particularly in their allusion to the untruthfulness of his facts that he furnished to the editor, which facts were unquestionably correct. After this matter had been explained, the proprietor of the paper authorized the reporter who had been active in this matter, who was the author of the objectionable article that first appeared, to prepare such a statement as would exonerate Mr. Mullen from censure in this particular. When the article was prepared for publication by the reporter, it was submitted to Mr. Mullen, who considered it satisfactory, and it would have set Mr. Mullen right with the community. The promise was given that it would appear in the North American the next morning. But this never came to pass, the article was not published as promised. We would like to know whose influence was brought to bear to suppress this article, which would fully have exonerated Mr. Mullen from censure. We would like to have this question answered. We regard it as important, not only in reference to the Prison Agent, but in reference to other matters on this subject, which are of interest to the community. This whole matter seems to have been commenced for the purpose of dragging Mr. Mullen into a newspaper discussion, wherein the public mind would have become bewildered, and the Agency misunderstood. We are happy to know that Mr. Mullen has not thought proper to come out over his own signature and reply. But we, as the editor of the Philanthropist, could not consent to tamely look on and see this good man sacrificed, and his usefulness destroyed, without saying something on the subject, as we are conversant with the facts in the case. A more self-sacrificing man than Mr. Mullen cannot be found, and therefore, we have spoken out fully on this subject as a simple act of justice to one who has given a quarter of a century of his life to works of benevolence, seeming to desire no other reward than that which an approving conscience gives. It may be well said to him, "Wo unto you when all men speak well of you." There was one part of their publication, which was indeed truthful, where they said, "He has done much good in relieving the wants of the poor and afflicted, and for this, verily shall he have his reward." They might also have said, blessed is the peace-maker, who pours oil upon the troubled waters, and prevents strife; for such is the Christian-like work which Mr. Mullen is engaged in, by making enemies friends.

In conclusion we would say, after disposing of these three cases of supposed error, that it very much surprises us that the secret enemy of Mr. Mullen has not been able to show a case out of some twelve hundred persons in eighteen months released by him; and most conclusively proves to us, and all unprejudiced minds, that Mr. Mullen is a very *judicious* and *prudent* agent of the society, and not a *credulous man, easily imposed upon*.

Editor's Table.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

Our friend Chester, the accomplished "Julian Cramer," of poetic celebrity, thus speaks of *The Philanthropist*:—"We have the January and February numbers of this excellent periodical, published by Wm. S. Young, No. 50 North Sixth street, and edited by James Rees, Esq. Mr. Mullen's Journal forms an interesting feature of the work, as well as the articles under the head of the 'Editor's Walk.' Mr. Rees is an able and careful writer, and his narratives and statistics may be relied upon. *The Philanthropist* should be taken by every family, and the lessons it inculcates carefully heeded. The price is only one dollar per annum."

The Pennsylvania Inquirer thus expresses himself:—"A new number of 'The Philanthropist' has just appeared. It is full of instructive matter. All who feel the slightest interest in the cause of benevolence, should peruse this well-conducted little work."

If our little paper has been noticed by other papers, we are not advised, as the types have not spoken for them—as yet.

A writer in the Pennsylvania Inquirer takes up a portion of our leader in No. 1, volume 2, and thus expresses himself:—

"THE AGE OF PROGRESS.—The relief of suffering humanity has been the theme of the patriot, the philanthropist, and the prophet, for all ages, and yet misery and wretchedness continue. Suffering in body and suffering in mind—oppression and destruction in the social relations of man and the nations.'—*Olive Branch*.

"How sad a picture of humanity is portrayed in the 'Philanthropist,' Vol. 2, No. 1, in the following language:—"Man, as he advances in knowledge, as his intellect expands and nears itself to the Deity, seems to lose his moral tone and character. In the days of actual ignorance, ere the mind received the impress of religion, the wicked were controlled and kept in subjection by physical power. How is it now, when a high state of intellect exists, and laws strengthened by ages of experience, and the united action of mind, body and numerical force, are all brought into play, that *Crime* is in the ascendent, and still on the increase.

"Happily, however, for the well-being of humanity, the intelligence that perceives the *evil*, foreshadows, also at the same time, the remedy, for "Knowledge is power"—if powerful to *destroy*, powerful also to *save*. The developments of the times demonstrate and admonish that the axe is being laid at the root of the corrupt tree—the *stream* of evil is being traced to the *spring*; remedies are demanded commensurate with existing evils, the *demand* will bring the *supply*, and with the removal of evil causes will cease their effects. The signs of the times *for good* are not to be mistaken;—witness the progress of institutions for the remedy of *human suffering*—witness the institution recently established at Germantown, for the instruction of imbecile and idiotic children, where the almost extinct 'young idea is taught to shoot'—witness the reports of the Prison Agent, wherein the almost *hopeless* and *ruined* are saved from *destruction*, and mercifully restored

to themselves and to society. These are all so many evidences that there is *in and for* humanity a *redeeming principle*. The great evil is—a *selfish, depraved, and perverted* INTELLECT; the great remedy, enlightened BENEVOLENCE.”

The following article expresses the opinion we have on several occasions given in our paper, why the law in relation to imprisonment of witnesses should not be repealed:—

“IMPRISONMENT OF WITNESSES.—It is a vulgar idea that a jail is a place for the confinement of criminals and malefactors. But in the great and mighty state of New York it is a grim and guarded keep, not only for those who commit crime, but for others who happen to see it. If one man kills another, not only is the murderer confined in a dungeon, but whoever was so unhappy as to witness the horrid spectacle is liable also to be placed in durance vile. This he may avoid by giving security for his appearance at the time of trial. But what is an offer of bail worth to a poor man, who has not a dollar in the world? There is no alternative but to march him off to prison—there to wait until the time of the sitting of the court.

“We were not aware until lately of this odious feature in our laws. But this very week we have had the most revolting ocular evidence. In a back street, a few blocks from the Bowery, stands an old, dilapidated building, with windows grated with iron bars. This is the prison for debtors and witnesses. You enter, and are conducted through long passages to the upper part of the building, where these wretched men are confined. One can hardly imagine a viler place. The house is rickety; and in a rain the rotten roof soaks through, and the walls drip with dampness. This upper loft is a filthy den, reeking with noisome smells, and not fit for the lowest criminals. Here, in a narrow hall, opening into a dozen or more cells, are huddled together fifteen or twenty miserable men. Part of these are debtors, who have been convicted of fraud. The rest of those who inhabit this foul place are not charged with any crime whatever. They are not even arrested for debt. But they are in confinement as witnesses. Their only fault is, that they had the misfortune to be lookers-on at some act of crime, and are summoned to give testimony. As they could furnish no security for their appearance on the trial, the government has taken the precaution to put them in prison. Most wise and humane law!

“The operation of this thing is worthy of admiration. It demands an illustration to set forth all its beauties. Last October, when the packet ship *New World* was on her voyage from Liverpool to this port, the first mate—so it is charged—beat one of the men on board in a most severe and cruel manner. On landing, the seaman applied to the authorities for redress. The mate was arrested and brought before the United States Court, but for some cause the trial was put off. The owners of the ship readily gave bail for their own officer, and he continued his voyages as usual. Not so with his maltreated victim. To rebut the charge of cruelty, some counter charge was trumped up against the seaman, but of so frivolous a nature that it was at once dismissed. His persecutor then bethought him of a more cunning de-

vice. The man was summoned *as a witness*,—and being too poor to give bail, he was forthwith committed to prison. Three others of the crew who were called to prove the cruel treatment, have had to share the same fate; so that four innocent men are incarcerated, while the man who committed the outrage is at liberty! Could there be a more flat perversion of justice? These men have been in prison already four months; there they lie now rotting in a vile jail, and how much longer they may have to wait for justice, Heaven only knows!

“But, say some, to be sure, this is a hard case. But it is a matter of necessity. Nonsense! It is a necessity self-imposed by stupidity and folly. Have not all the lawyers of New York wit enough to devise a remedy? The truth is, half of them are old fogies, who are wedded to routine, and try to block up the path of every reform.”

THE CLOUD.

Had there never been a cloud, there had never been a rainbow. In paradise there was none; in man's innocence there was no need of any. Had there been no sin, there would never have been any sorrow, any gloom, but one clear, bright day of unbroken sunshine. But, then, we never could have seen the Father—have beheld him in all his wisdom, power, and love, exhibited to us now in the face of Jesus Christ, nor ever have attained that eternal weight of glory, prepared for us by union with the Son of God. Without the tremendous darkness of the fall, the rainbow-crown had never circled the Redeemer's head: so now, without clouds, we cannot behold the rainbow; and the darker they are, the brighter it appears. “Through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom of heaven.” Where could we have seen, what could we have known of our Father's mercy, and of our Saviour's love, the comforts of his Spirit, and the power of his grace, without those intervals of gloom and sadness that put them to the proof, and bring forth their strongest colouring? Can we find it in our hearts to wish our clouds away? If ever, at the approach of sunset, we have seen the pure, bright disc without a vapour near it, while above it and around it, tipped with burnished gold, rolled the broken masses of a dispersing thunder-storm, and, in the opposite heavens, the rainbow arch drawn on the dark bosom of the receding shower, just so will be the aspect of our griefs and cares when the ransomed soul is taking its departure to another world. An awful glory will light up the past. In deepened shadow, and in stronger light, each little circumstance of our past lives will be exhibited; things that went lightly over at the time, will gather substance and importance at the last; our escaped perils will be seen more fearful, our vanquished foes more terrible, our sins a thousand, thousand times more black; but it is not then that we shall wish our day of time had been lit up with Italian sunshine.

JESUS AND THE DEAD DOG.

Jesus, says a very old Persian story, arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man.

And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

“Faugh!” said one, stopping his nose; “it pollutes the air.” “How long,” said another, “shall this foul beast offend our sight?” “Look at his torn hide,” said a third: “one could not even cut a shoe out of it.” “And his ears,” said a fourth; “all dragged and bleeding.” “No doubt,” said a fifth, “he hath been hanged for thieving.”

And Jesus heard them; and, looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said, “Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth.”

Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves, “Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only he could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog.”

THE SENSE OF JUSTICE.

The boys attending one of our public schools, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of their neighbour's windows; but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the governess; and on the occasion of a gentleman visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle that was involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of the boys in the streets and in their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness, which should guide them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no eye could see, and no one was present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visiter left the school, a little boy arose in his seat, and said, "Miss L——, I batted the ball that broke Mr. ——'s window. Another boy threw it, but I batted it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school while the boy was speaking; and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for —— to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat. "All of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play. I'll pay my part."

"And I." "And I."

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

Poetry.

(For the Philanthropist.)

LINES.

BY LAURA L. REES.

I would not die when darkness
Hath drawn its pall around,
And all creation rests as dead,
"In slumber most profound:"
'Tis like the darkness of the soul,
Before religion's ray
Had pierced its gloomy covering,
And showed a brighter day.

I would not die when morning
Hath shed its beams abroad,
And nature sings in tuneful notes
The praises of the Lord.
I would be with my friends, then,
And see the busy world
Engaged again in active strife,
With banners all unfurled.

February 12, 1855.

I would not die at noontide,
When the golden king of day
Has reached its zenith glory,
And sheds refulgent ray.
The morning aptly pictures
The Christian's course begun;
The pilgrim's rest at noonday,
Shows the journey not yet done.

But I would die when evening
Is casting shadows long,
And merry birds are tuning
Their thankful vesper song;
When sunset clouds are gilding
The lofty steeple's dome,
My soul would breathe its farewell,
And seek a brighter home.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Wm. J. Mullen wishes us to say that he has received during the past month the following sums:

For the Relief of the Destitute.

Received from John M. Sharpless, Delaware county,	\$50 00
Received from Mr. J.,	7 00
Received from Mr. F.,	15 00
Received from John Thomas, Kimberton, Chester co.,	20 00
Received from Mr. R.,	2 50
Received from Mr. D.,	1 00
Received from A. M. J.,	5 00
Received from A. M.,	50

Which was given by Mr. Mullen, in small sums, to relieve distressed persons

For the Moyamensing Soup Society.

Reported in last month,	-	-	-	-	\$1596 50
Received from the Executive Committee for the relief of the	-	-	-	-	
poor,	-	-	-	-	100 00
Received from R. R.,	-	-	-	-	10 00
Received from Moses Nathans,	-	-	-	-	5 00
Total received during January and February, -					\$2110 50

The following is a detailed account of a portion of the above donations received by Mr. Mullen.

(From the Pennsylvania Inquirer, Feb. 20, 1855.)

"Benevolence.—Mr. William J. Mullen requests us to say that he received twenty dollars enclosed in the following note, from friends in the country, which he has given in small sums to the destitute poor in the Southern part of the city. This thoughtfulness in behalf of the suffering, on the part of our country friends, is duly appreciated by Mr. Mullen, as well as by the community. This is but one of several donations that Mr. Mullen has received from different sections of the country during the past winter:—

Kimberton, Feb. 12th, 1855.

Dear Sir—Enclosed I send you twenty dollars that I have collected in and about Kimberton, Chester county, Pa., for the relief of the poor of Philadelphia. You will please dispose of it as you think proper; and please to acknowledge the receipt of it in the Pennsylvania Inquirer, that I may show to the people what I have done with their money.

Yours for suffering humanity,

To WM. J. MULLEN.

JOHN THOMAS.

(From the Pennsylvania Inquirer, March 3, 1855.)

More Aid for the Poor.—Another acknowledgment in reference to the benevolence of friends of the poor, residing in the country.—William J. Mullen, Esq., requests us to acknowledge the receipt of \$50 from John M. Sharpless, of Delaware county, which he has given in small sums to the destitute poor of the Southern part of the city. He has also received \$10 from "R. R." which he has paid to the Treasurer of the Moyamensing Soup Society.

(From the Public Ledger, March 5, 1855.)

A Present for the Poor.—Mr. Wm. J. Mullen has received a liberal donation from the Butchers connected with the much admired Show Beef and Mutton, that has attracted the attention of thousands of our fellow-citizens within the last few days. The Donation consists of about 1400 pounds of rich and valuable *Beef and Mutton*, that cost them about nineteen cents a pound. The donation is intended to be given out from such Soup Houses as are most in need. The whole affair is the result of a private subscription made by such of the Victuallers, Drovers and Citizens, who are of the opinion that the best meat is good enough for the poorest of the poor, particularly such as may not have had an opportunity of feeding upon the best, who were desirous that the destitute might feast upon marrow and fat things, at their expense. The whole value of the donation is about two hundred dollars. The meat has been exhibited in Market Street, below Twelfth, in front of the Black Horse Tavern, under the direction of the following named Committee, who presented the donation: John Palmer, Christian Gross, Nelson Werntz and Charles Keichline, Prison Inspector.

The Committee has given the entire distribution of this donation to the control of William J. Mullen, who has given 500 pounds of it to the Moyamensing Soup Society, 500 to the Northern Liberties, and 400 to the Kensington Soup Society. Mr. Mullen tenders his thanks to the Committee that has been pleased to make him their almoner in the disposing of this beneficent donation to the poor. It evinces much thoughtfulness on their part for the unfortunate.